

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 10.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED SATURDAYS BY

EATON W. MAXCY,

At No. 8, North Main-St. (3d story,) near the Market, and opposite Mr. Thos. Howard's Hardware Store.

Terms.—One dollar and fifty cents per ann. payable in advance, or within three months after subscribing; one dollar and seventy-five cents if not paid within 6 months; and 2 dollars if not paid within the year.

Persons in distant towns who procure five subscribers, and become responsible for the same, shall have one paper extra, and in the same ratio for a greater number.

Communications will be received through the Post-Office in this town—but it is expected that those from a distance will be post paid.

Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

STORM-HEAD POINT.

A violent snow-storm from the north-west had been beating with ceaseless fury on the naked summit of Storm-Head Point, the whole of a dark, gloomy day; and when the sun had gone down, and every distant object became obscured in the dusky shadows of the closing night, a dim light glimmered in the valley, below the lofty precipices, where, sheltered in a great measure from the stormy tempest, a little cottage stood, hid away in that wild but quiet nook from the unwelcome visitings of the winter blast. It was the abode, once, of a hardy woodsman, who perished, a few winters ago, among the mountains, in a cold dark night, while on a hunting expedition; and it since had become the occasional residence of a lady and her daughter, who had emigrated to the place from one of the Atlantic cities, for causes unknown in the country, and who now gained a precarious livelihood by affording refreshments and a shelter to such hunters as occasionally sought there a shelter and repose.

Early on the morning of the day now brought to a close, a singular incident occurred. A young traveller, pale, sick, and exhausted, sat down on the snow by the path side at the foot of the Storm-Head; he had become so benumbed with cold as to be unable to proceed; and, while gradually sinking in the fatal lethargy which comes in such circumstances the forerunner of death, was accidentally discovered by the poor widow's daughter, and borne senseless to the cottage.

Long the beautiful and affectionate girl sat over the slowly recovering youth, with anxiety depicted on her countenance, ministering to his wants, and tending him with a sister's care; while her mother assisted to the utmost her little means allowed, in making him comfortable. The stranger, when able, thanked his kind benefactresses, and assured them of his gratitude, promising to compensate their kindness by every return in his power.

Many days passed away before he left the cottage,

even after his return to health. He followed Emma wherever she went, and praised her beauty and graces, and promised—what he never intended to perform. But his praises and promises won her innocent heart. Unpracticed in deceit, she judged of others by the pure law written in her own bosom, and gave her heart at last unboundingly to her deceiver.

The day at length arrived when the stranger youth was to depart. He bid a kind farewell to his constant but deeply injured friends; promised most solemnly to return to his adored Emma in a few months; and sailed down the Susquehanna. But in vain they looked for his return at the appointed time. No tidings came: it was even discovered that he had passed his time at the cottage under a feigned name, and had deceived them as to his place of residence. The poor widow, however, for a long time knew not how cruelly the kindness of herself and daughter had been requited. It was revealed to her when it could no longer be concealed; and the last consolation of the cottagers, the consciousness of virtue, and its accompanying peace of mind, was gone. Grief preyed upon the pale-faced mother; and her daughter silently pined away—a sweet emblem of the fading flowers of the sickly autumn.

The returning summer strewed its robe of green upon the forest scenery, and the grass grew luxuriously around the cottage door; but the mountain reared its bald head, unchanged from its ancient barrenness, towards the sky; and the hearts of the cottage inmates were even more barren of happiness.

One day Emma climbed up the highest point of the craggy rock that towered far above the cottage, and sat musing with melancholy in full prospect of a large extent of country, diversified with hill and dale, and winding creeks and rivers. The scene, though beautiful, was sad to her. Above, she looked at the calm, clear sky; and a thought stole across her bosom, which she trembled to entertain, but which still seemed full of sweetness. 'It would be but a momentary pang,' said she; 'I should not suffer. The rocks below would mangle; but I should be insensible; and while all but this rude, and wild, and faithless world looks fair and beautiful, shall I not be forgiven if I end a miserable life by throwing myself into the eternity that comes so near me?' A voice spoke behind her—'Emma!' She turned; it was the stranger—more bright and beautiful than she had ever seen him in his first ruinous visit. 'Emma!' his trembling lips repeated, and he was at her feet.

He came to redeem his promise—to perform his vows—to save himself from the burnings of a perjured conscience. He was rich—was lord of a domain wider than the eye embraces from Storm-Head Point—and all was Emma's. She and her mother are happy now.

There is a brief moral to the story: Be virtuous, and leave the rest to heaven; and even erring once, or twice, add not to the crime the double sin of

doubting the justice and mercy of Providence. Penitence, patience, and persevering goodness, are too dear to heaven to end in sorrow, suffering, and despair.

REMINISCENCES.

*Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid, melancholy frame,
Soon may this way-worn spirit seek the bourne,
Where, hushed to slumber, grief forgets to mourn.*

CAMPBELL.

There is something which infuses itself into the mind, upon entering the place where the bodies of many lie mouldering, which causes us to delight in the visitation, though melancholy emotions crowd upon the mind. Mirth gives way to sorrow; and hilarity droops in the lonely grave-yard. However light and trivial a man may be, when the spot, under whose sod the victims of death lie, is visited, all the former feelings are thrown aside, and nothing but solemnity and awe is infused into the mind. Every spot seems sacred; all is still, and every passion soothed; a quiet serenity pervades the mind.

Such were my sensations when entering the church-yard. Almost unconscious that my friend stood beside me, my eyes wandered from one mound to another, till at last they were fixed upon one which I had not before seen. We approached it, and involuntarily I shrunk back at the sight of 'Orville'—a name which memory often has presented; a name connected with the dearest, fondest associations of my childhood; and a name upon which I have delighted to dwell ever since those fairy days of old have passed away. It was the name of the mother of a youthful friend; of him who was the ornament of a place of education. The sight of this name naturally led me to enquire the fate of one, whom both myself and my friend had formerly held dear. I cast an enquiring look at him, and saw the tears trickle down his manly cheeks. He promised me a recital of the history of his life, and when he became sufficiently composed, proceeded as follows:

When you left this place, Henry Orville was the ornament of the sphere in which he moved—courted by the gay, sought for by the grave, willingly received into every circle. His superior mind gave him an influence over his companions, which no one ever since has been able to exercise. His natural suavity of manners made all his friends; and even if sometimes the finger of envy pointed at him, it was speedily levelled. Such was Orville. Wealthy, mild and noble was this youth. His father had guarded over him with all a parent's solicitude, and found in him all he wished. But that father was soon destined for the grave. Henry's shock was great, and for some months his sorrow so depressed him, that he was seldom seen from home. In an unlucky hour he met with some abandoned acquaintances who exerted their utmost power to woo, from the path of virtue,

J. B. Ballou

a flower which had bloomed there so long. They presented every argument they could conjure, and at last persuaded him to lift the intoxicating draught to his lips. They told him it would drown his sorrows, and recall the long fled mirth of former days. He tried it once; again, and again, until he became an habitual drunkard! His mother watched nightly for her son, the only stay of her earthly existence; she beheld him return from his midnight revels, and even heard his curses on her head. Imagine what misery she was obliged to endure. Whilst her son was indulging to excess, she at home sat and wept in silence, that crime should have made such rapid inroads upon her Henry. The maternal heart felt an anguish undecipherable, a sorrow which none but a mother can know. For two long and weary years, she beheld him—not the son of former days; not the youth of morality, but an outcast from society. His debauchery had ruined him; his paternal estate was expended; and his mother had but a small income to support her. Often would he demand even that from her, as means to indulge in revelry. However, he soon found himself unable to indulge any longer, unless some means were devised to supply him in funds. His companions informed him how they obtained theirs. For some months they remained undetected in their crime, and indulged more and more in their revels. One evening, whilst the bleak winter winds were whistling, as his mother sat waiting for her son, she heard him enter hastily; she spoke to him; he uttered not a word. A knock at the door was heard; he started. It was opened, and two magistrates entered and conveyed Henry to his prison. His mother swooned away; and it was some time before she was resuscitated. But it was only to endure more agony. In a few short days Henry was doomed to die for a forgery, and his mother lived but to hear of his condemnation. We now stand over her ashes. Henry Orville, once the pride of the village; once sought for and admired, died on the scaffold. He, who might have been an ornament to his country, and a blessing to the world, was led from virtue's path by the iniquitous, and at last, by crime, ended his days—not only miserably, but disgracefully.

FLORIAN.

Princeton, N. J. Sept. 1825.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF NIHIL NEMO, ESQ.
HE'S GOT THE MITTEN.

Much is expressed in this short sentence. It tells of hopes withered, and dreams of happiness fled and gone, perhaps forever. The young and the thoughtless may sneer at the unfortunate victim, and the cold worldling may drop some passing remark upon it, but if some single old gentleman, like myself, should hear that short exclamation, it would elicit a warmer and a tenderer sentiment. His mind would unconsciously travel back to the days of his youth, and dwell upon the period when he, too, had received this memento of thoughtless pride and girlish prudery.

To me it is peculiarly affecting. The girls, indeed, laugh at my grey hairs and peaked nose, and quiz my gaunt-like appearance—yet I was once young and gay, and my happiest hours passed in the society of maids, as blooming and handsome as themselves.—

And from one of the fairest of her sex I received that curse of youth and terror of Bachelors, *the mitten*.—It came scorching and deadening in its influence, and blasted anticipation in the bud. I never loved again. Many years have since passed away, and my age is lone and dreary. My home is cheerless and my fire-side unoccupied; life itself is devoid of charms; and when I search for the cause, I travel back through many a wintry year, to that bleak spot in my youth, when—I got the mitten.

If then I hear of one in a similar situation, have I not cause to say that it affects me? Too plainly does it tell me of feelings trifled with, and affections spurned and trampled in the dust. It reminds me of those days that are gone, and the visions of my childhood; of hope, and love, and the thousand bright dreams that played round my heart when life was young and buoyant. Those days, alas, are no more; my friends are away; and the season of youth can never return. With sorrow, I confess it; I belong to the fraternity of '*we single gentlemen*,' and am now at fifty-five, a thin, spindled-shanked Old Bachelor, weary of the world, and unknown to its enjoyments.

In the defence of the '*brotherhood*,' I must say, however, that I believe, in nine instances out of ten, they can date the commencement of their resolution to lead a single life, from that only cause; nor can it be doubted, that many an unfortunate maiden has had reason to lament her indiscretion, and with benumbed fingers, and a chill of age, regretted the day that she gave her lover *the mitten*.

THE DESERTERS.

The following interesting and affecting narrative was found among the papers of Mr. Mason, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland:

There were in the regiment two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a small town in Lancashire, and each had made friendship for the other. They had enlisted together through different motives; they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tents. One, whom I shall call the lover, had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from his being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centred, the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was much beloved. Her relations were inexorable, and his hopes in vain. The other, a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer had described it, willing to see the wars, accompany his friend and serve his country, likewise accepted the king's picture, and was called the volunteer.—He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow; she was much grieved at this step, which had been taken without her privity or consent; but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for support, she lamented only through her affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings; the maid eyed her lover from a distant window, (a nearer approach not being permitted,) and beat time to his steps with her heart, till he was out of sight, and then sent her soul after him in a deep fetched sigh. They had not been long in camp before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier,

which had been dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable half-starved food for powder. As for the lover, he was insensible to the hardships of the body—the agitations of his mind absorbed his whole attention—in vain had he attempted to fly from the object of his love: he had brought away his person only, leaving his thoughts and heart behind him, and was as absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in a silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels, and they had arrived at a village within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse-pursuit, and re-conducted to their camp. A court-martial was held, and they were condemned to die; but the General ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots and only one of them suffer. At the appointed time the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with a box of dice upon its head, and the delinquents made to enter. The horrors, which sat brooding on their souls the preceding night, now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but none of that fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die for each other; each wished to live, and each was disquieted at the thought that his safety must be built upon the misfortune of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked alternately at the little instruments of life or death, took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down. The officer interposed, and commanded the volunteer to throw; he lifted his box in his right hand, then shifted it into the left, and gave it to his right hand again, and as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eyes upwards for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst, from the opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid; their hair dishevelled, and their garments, by travelling, soiled and torn.

What a sight was this? The mother and the son on one side of the drum, and the maid and the lover on the other. The first transports of their frantic joy at finding them alive were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what must follow. The officer was a man who did not hurry the volunteer to throw.—He put his hand to the box of his own accord. His mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid, and both, with equal fervor, poured forth their different prayers. He threw—nine! A gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the shore—she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves, when, presently, he gains a raft, and is paddling to the shore, and already thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious, lest even yet some envious billow should snatch him forever from her eyes. Meanwhile the lovers, giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum with the same air as he would have ascended the ladder for his execution. He threw—ten! The maid sprang from the ground as if she would leap to heaven; he

caught her in his arms ; they fainted on each other's necks, and recovered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four, and all his attention was employed about the mother, whose head was in his lap, but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the woman had rushed into the ring, an officer had ran to the Duke's tent to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, had been an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold no longer : he came to the widow, echoing in her ear—"He is pardoned!"—restored her life and happiness together. Then turning to the lovers, he commanded them to go immediately to the Chaplain to be united by that tie which death only could dissolve. He often declared he felt more pleasure from this action than from the battle of Culloden. He shed tears, but they were not the tears of Alexander when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

"ALL IN PRINT."

Never was such a country before. Only buy a lottery ticket, and your fortune is made. If you are sick, no matter what is the disorder, take a few patent pills, and you are well again. For fifty cents you may become perfect orators. In seven days your children may be made complete writers. In eleven days they may be critical grammarians. By a mechanical process five hundred scholars may be taught by one master, so as to know every thing in six months. Of all these things there can be no doubt, as they are all *in print*.

Some years ago, a man of great medical skill, as he declared in print, made up a mixture of lard and Spanish brown, and notified the world, that one million of people in Europe had, by the application of his *universal Conserve*, been cured of the itch in ten minutes. The time was short, but there could be no doubt of the fact, as it was *in print*.

Another man advertised that 'prevention was better than cure,' and that he could prevent two millions of people from taking the itch, if they would follow his advice.

Go on, lovely and beloved inventors of all which preserves life and makes it desirable ; and if you can contrive any scheme, by which our children can grow, in the course of a week, from the size of infants to the size of the giant Lambert, go on, and may your profits be equal to your merits.

Some incredulous men call all these things quackery. Let such continue to be poor, and sick, and to make their marks instead of writing elegantly ; and may they have the itch incurable. Nothing is too bad for folks who will not believe what is *in print*.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

Our attachments to rural joys, and the scenes of childhood, are, perhaps, the strongest, and certainly the longest-lived feelings of any which exist in the human bosom. Other attachments may be weakened, or altogether destroyed. We may forget the soft bosom which pillowed our head in the hour of distress, and the friend who interposed his breast to a weapon poised at our own. We may be wicked enough to forget these ; but our recollections of the

spot where we passed our early years, where we plying the trout and robbed the bird's-nest, are seldom effaced by time or distance, or removed by the transfer of our sympathies to another spot ; nor are they chilled, as our other feelings frequently are, by the frowns of fortune.

The following humorous anecdote is copied from the "American Traveller," a spirited paper, commenced in Boston last Summer :

NEW METHOD OF INCREASING SALARIES.

A respectable Clergyman, in the neighborhood of Boston, being at the residence of one of his wealthy and hospitable parishoners, made some complaints of the pitiful sum annually allowed him, for his labors of love, and concluded by wishing it could be enlarged, that he might be able comfortably to support and bring up an increasing family. A colored servant happening in at the moment, and hearing something about salary and family, tho't the Minister complaining of the drought, and scarcity of garden vegetables ; and having just been told that his kindred, the Haytiens, had become independent, was determined, by his liberality, to show himself not unworthy of that nation ; and running into the garden, pulled up and conveyed to the chaise of the Minister a large quantity of *Celery*, &c. After the worthy guest had gone, the negro came in, and with a countenance free from blushes, says, "Massa, guess Mr. — got *Calary* nuff now ; I cram his big empty box full."



POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

MR. MAXCY—Will you have the goodness to insert in the next number of your paper the following lines, copied from the Place-Book of a young friend of mine at C—. They are, in my opinion, entirely free from bombast and affectation, although they relate to a certain *disappointment*.

L. E. N.

TO MARY.

Mary, I mourn the fate
That must our beings sever :
I weep, alas ! too late,
For thou art gone forever ;
And must I from my bosom tear
The thoughts of thee that linger there ?

No ! thy hand thou may'st bestow,
But thy spirit still is mine ;
If I thy beauties must forego,
My soul shall dwell with thine.

When from thy lovely brow
Thy ling'ring beauties fade,
And paleness sits where now
Health hath his dwelling made—

(For like the envied rose
That on thy bosom hangs,
And droppeth leaf by leaf away,
Thy beauties must decay.)

Mayest thou no coldness prove,
But love as warm and free
As beings feel above—
As I first felt for thee.

J. B.

MR. MAXCY, SIR—Although the following lines have been published in nearly all the publications of the day, and in some re-published, yet I doubt not that a perusal or re-perusal of them will be equally gratifying to many of your subscribers as to myself ; you will therefore confer a favor by giving them a place in your paper, in which I believe they have never been published.

A. T. C.

PARTING FRIENDS.

Composed and sung by three Indians, on parting.

When shall we three meet again ?
When shall we three meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
E'er we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky ;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When our burnish'd locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day ;
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine ;
Long may this lov'd bow'r remain :
Here, may we three meet again.

When the dream of life is fled ;
When its wasted lamps are dead !
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid ;
Where immortal spirits reign—
There, may we all meet again.

TO LOUISA.

How fair and how bright were the hopes of my heart,
How sweet and how rapt'rous my warm bosom's
swell,
Before I, dearest girl, to you dare impart,
How long I had lov'd thee, how true and how well.

O, oft had I seen the deep blush on your cheek,
And heard the soft sighs as they stole from your
breast,
Met the glance of your eyes, while each seem'd to
speak—

'Love on, fondest youth, your flame shall be blest!'

Together we rov'd through the gardens, dear maid,
Together we pavis'd 'neath the sweet shady tree ;
Nor rose-bud was pluck'd—nor a lilly survey'd—
But serv'd to remind me of beauties in thee :

How sweet were the pleasures that beam'd on me
then,

How joyous, serene, how unclouded and bright ;
Not a care or a grief, not a sorrow or pain,
My heart could then feel, to control its delight.

How unblest was the hour that heard my love told,
My heart felt despair, and my bosom knew pain ;
For your looks and your words, so mild, yet so cold,
Told me I had lov'd you, ah ! lov'd you in vain !

But I'll call thee not cruel, unjust, or unkind ;
I'll blame not the fate that bids us to sever ;
In my soul shall your image through life be enshrined :
Farewell, dearest girl ! O, farewell, forever !

LINES

Intended as a sketch of a very interesting Girl, whom
the writer saw at the close of autumn, dressed in
black, her hair entwined with the bright relics of
the rose, and the rosy gems of the ocean cluster-
ing round her fair bosom.

Like the spirit that rules o'er the fast-fading year,
In her robe of deep sorrow array'd,
Still clinging to what her fond bosom held dear,
Seem'd the form of the still pensive maid.

The rose's bright relics with verdure entwin'd,
Enwreath'd in love's labyrinth shone,
And still in her light-beaming ringlets could find
The smile of their summer, tho' faded and gone.

The soft humid lustre effused from her eyes,
Like the tremulous light of the day,
When a cloud of mild glory o'ershadows the skies
And tinges with sadness its ray.

The fond tender smile round her rich lip that play'd,
Now mingled its joy with regret,
To think how each lingering beauty must fade,
Like the orb which in darkness had set.

The bright rosy gems round her bosom that clung,
And sportively play'd 'neath her ear,
Seem'd still as on ocean's white bosom they hung,
In their own never-motionless sphere.

But who shall pourtray each fugitive grace
That plays round their favorite still,
Like the varying beauties of autumn's mild face,
As rapid they rise at her will.

For Nature, as knowing the form she design'd
Was to bear a bright spirit from heaven,
Each grace and each charm had fondly combin'd,
That to woman's dear frame had been given.

And he who yields not to her heart-ruling power,
Nor Nature nor Passion can know ;
Ne'er has felt, ne'er shall feel the bliss of the hour
That Beauty alone can bestow.

THE ADIEU.

I gave to my woodlands a mournful adieu,
The breath of the morn wildly sigh'd o'er the vale,
And loveliest of all was the last parting view,
For 'twas urg'd by the fondest farewell.

The night-dew still shone on the blossoming breast
Of the dear little spot which in childhood I lov'd,
And I sigh'd, but 'twas not the deep sigh of distress,
For mem'ry and feeling approv'd.

The morning birds twitter'd the wild-wood among,
And merrily carroll'd the blush of the morn ;
And oft I have listen'd to hear the sweet song :
O, when shall that season return ?

Blest home of my fathers ! tho' climes intervene,
And fortune still harass my spirit with care,
Yet still my fond bosom shall cherish thy scene,
And still shall I long to be there.

CORRYDON.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1825.

"PRESIDENTIAL."

President Adams arrived in this town in the steam-
boat Fulton, Captain Bunker, on Wednesday after-
noon last. He took the stage at the landing and
immediately proceeded through town. The disap-
pointment occasioned by the *rapid movements* of Mr.
Adams, was deeply felt by the very large concourse
of citizens, both male and female, who thronged our
streets in order to behold the "Chief Magistrate of
the Nation."

A MESS OF QUEER FACTS.

It is stated in a late number of the Barnstable Ga-
zette, that the town of Carver, Plymouth County, has
three Meeting-Houses, in good repair, and no Minis-
ter ; no Clients, and no Lawyer ; no Doctor, and but
one Pauper. The Senator of that county, B. Ellis,
Esq. one *well to live*, pays the highest tax, which a-
mounts to twenty dollars. No pulpit polemic dis-
putes can there exist ; no sparring of legal advocates ;
no conflicting claims of adverse sheriffs ; no spirit of
aristocracy, either in religion or law, there dominates
—it is the temperate heat of quiet—may we all be
—in Irish phrase—*better well off*.

"ENOUGH IS ENOUGH."

The Salem Gazette, in an article on the practice
of noticing the progress and movements of charac-
ters in high stations, speaks of his Excellency's (Gov.
Lincoln) late visit "to the *buttonless* citizens of Nan-
tucket ;" alluding, no doubt, to that respectable class
comprising a large portion of the inhabitants of that
Island, called Friends ; to which the Nantucket In-
quirer very justly replies, in the following language :
"Now, if that remark was intended to stigmatize a
very respectable society of this Island, we can assure
the Editor of that paper that every man among us
has as many *buttons* on his garments as he has *but-
ton-holes*—and what man of common sense would
wish for more ?"

A QUEER TOWN IN VIRGINIA.

A letter from the "Upper Country," published in
the Richmond Family Visitor, states, that Martins-
ville, the county town of Henry county, contains a
court-house, an office, a few other houses, and some
individual inhabitants, "but there is not a single
woman upon the premises !" The writer says, "you
may depend I shall not stay here long, for I have no
fellowship for my species, where there are no wo-
men." We do not wish to be considered impertin-
ent, neither do we wish to meddle with that with

which we have no concern—but, candidly, we would
advise the writer of the letter from which the above
is extracted, (as he expresses a wish to leave that
womanless town,) to migrate to this little State, in
which case we doubt not that he would be enabled,
in a very short time, to procure a situation either in
Newport, Bristol, or this town, both pleasant and a-
greeable—if the society of scores of blooming
nymphs, from fifteen to twenty odd, could make it so.



MARRIED.

In this town, on Sunday last, by Rev. Mr. Pick-
ering, Mr. Wm. A. Collins, to Miss Love Baxter, both
of this town.

In Pawtucket, on Thursday week, by Rev. Mr.
Greene, Mr. George C. Olney, to Miss Reuba Bennet,
all of that place.



DIED.

In this town, on Wednesday morning last, Miss Sa-
rah Miller, aged 55.

On Thursday afternoon last, George Cornelius, son
of Benjamin D. Weeden, Esq. aged 3 years and 3
months. In this lovely and interesting child were
united all those qualities which are so eminently cal-
culated to *delight* the parent and *captivate* the tran-
sient acquaintance ; he united the understanding of
maturity, to all the vivacity and sprightliness of child-
hood ; but, alas ! he was scarcely permitted to shine
forth, a pledge of what was promised, when his
light was hidden from the sight of parents, relatives
and friends, by a cloud, thick and dense—through
which no rays have been ever known to penetrate,
after once being hidden from our view.

"Sweet child of innocence, from earth he flies,
By angels welcom'd to his native skies."

Funeral at 3 o'clock, this afternoon, from his fa-
ther's residence, No. 33, Market-Street.

On Friday week, Wm. Crapon, infant son of Maj.
Zachariah Chafee.

On Sunday afternoon last, after a short but distress-
ing illness, which she bore with pious resignation,
Miss Hannah Valentine, aged 24 years, only daughter
of Wm. Valentine, Esq.

On Thursday morning last, Payson Perrin, son of
Capt. Henry Harrington, aged 1 year, 9 months and
9 days.

On Thursday afternoon, of consumption, Mrs.
Kezia V. Hinckley, wife of Mr. Cornelius T. Hinck-
ley, and daughter of Capt. David Joy, of Nantucket.
Her remains will be conveyed to Nantucket, for in-
terment.

Same afternoon, Mr. Robert Coddington, in the
20th year of his age, formerly of Newport.

New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can
have the numbers from the commencement of the
volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by
paying the same within three months from the time
of subscribing.

WANTED, immediately, a suitable person to
solicit subscribers for this paper, in the country towns,
for which a reasonable compensation will be given.